

They pose symmetrical
Scattered through the Echo Hall
Works of art in pensive phase
With the worldly critics gaze
And there's a special one
Another convert to the throng
And maybe in her wildest dreams she is a human
But anyone with brains can see she is the new one

The artist uses short brush strokes just like the master
Wave the finished product in the air to dry it faster
Then they spray themselves with anti-tarnish ultra gloss
It reduces flaking and this cramps[?] would come
With hanging on the cross

How to be a Happy Statue
Five easy tips in our next issue
You might have thought all hope was lost
But now the chance is yours - and for a reasonable cost

She does her face in Cubist fashion like the others
Tonight the curator protects them with blue covers
And what's the point of looking pretty with no audience?
And won't you find it sad that beauty's based on inexperience?

And as for her we heard she had a little accident
Someone tipped her over and her face received a fatal dent
So it's all over because who likes imperfection?
Her only hope is that it might become a fashion

See only certainty
Bargain hunting destiny
Maybe she'll redeem herself with mightiness from off the shelf
Thus concludes the story of the Echo Gallery
Visit any time to see the fools who sold themselves to slavery

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